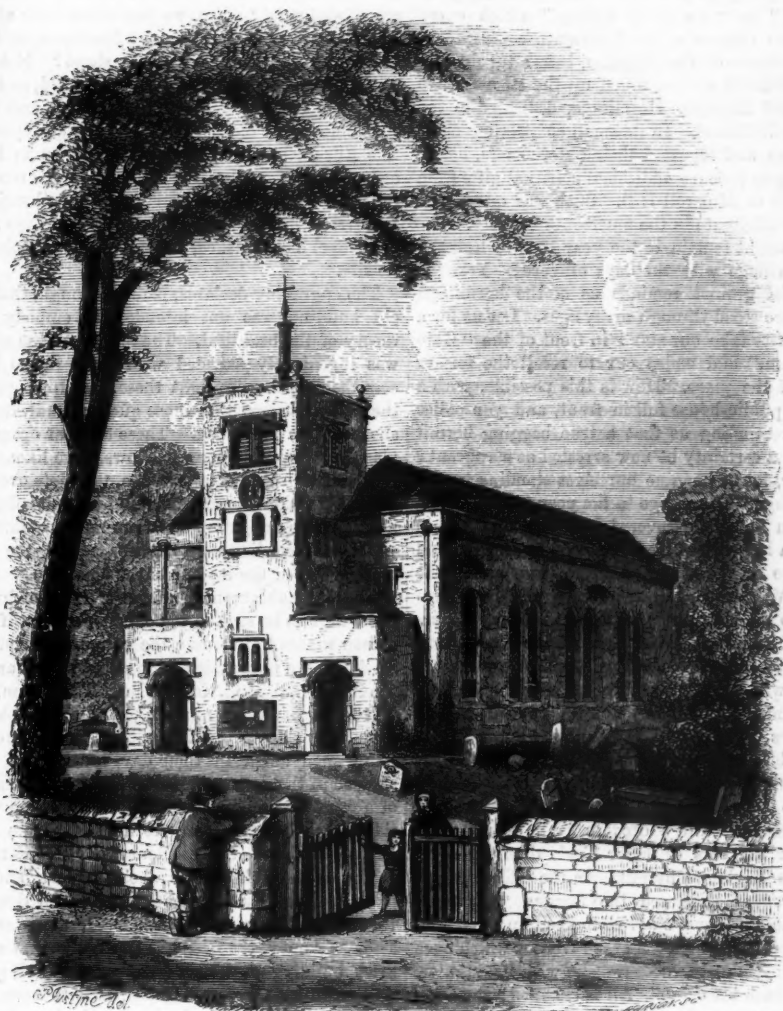


THE QUIVER

Saturday, February 17, 1866.



HIGHGATE;

THE ANCIENT HERMITAGE, BURIAL GROUND, AND THE GRAVE OF COLERIDGE.

MANY of our readers have, doubtless, stood on Highgate Hill; and some may have tried to picture the view which, in remote ages, would have been seen from that height. In the ancient geological period a long and wide lake covered the

vale; sharks swam where omnibuses now roll; marine mollusks flourished where churches stand; and even the hippopotamus sported on the site of Holloway. In the fourteenth century a vast forest stretched far around, close to the walls of Old

London, and covered nearly the whole of Middlesex.

Often a procession of men and women might have been seen slowly toiling up the hill-side, singing a low and monotonous chant. They were pilgrims going to the shrine of "our Lady of Muswell," to "the Holy Spring," which cured when even doctors of the fourteenth century despaired. Some of the pilgrims, before turning off to the Muswell shrine, toiled up the steep hill to the ancient Highgate Hermitage, dedicated to the Archangel Michael. In its small chapel they made their vows and repeated their paternosters, before departing to procure additional spiritual gifts from the Virgin of Muswell Hill. Such was one aspect of life at Highgate in the fourteenth century.

Does aught remain in the year 1866 to link the modern village with the days of yore? Yes, the old burial ground reminds us of the hermitage which here stood through many ages. Let us for a few minutes take our stand in front of the "Gate House Inn," and endeavour to recall the former aspect of the place. How is this possible, with a modern public-house full in front, and yon police station reminding us that a true begging hermit would to a certainty be now arrested as a vagrant? However, let us imagine ourselves standing by the Old Highgate Hermitage in the year 1386. It is a timeworn and moss-covered building, and within we see a large rudely-carved wooden crucifix and an image of St. Michael. Here, too, comes the hermit, William Lichfield, who has just been presented to the hermitage, by Robert de Braybrooke, Bishop of London, the maker of the New North Road and builder of the toll-gate, where drovers and carriers will repay the costs of making the road.

William Lichfield had a long line of hermit successors, who naturally became the parsons of the hamlet and its neighbourhood. Their office, as guardians of morals, was probably no sinecure. Close to the hermitage an inn was established where North-country drovers sang ditties more fitted for the ears of Friar Tuck than for a respectable Highgate hermit. In the "Gate House Inn" was administered the famous "Highgate Oath," an innkeeper's device to keep up a round of drinking-bouts. Such were the revelries which once made the Highgate woods re-echo with "Laughter, shaking both his sides." All is changed; the Oath is heard no more, the gate has gone, the hermitage has disappeared, and all that remains is an ancient burial ground.

What happened to the hermitage? The Reformation came and whispered, "Good-bye" in the ears of hermits, abbots, and priors. The hermitage came to an end, but the estates were saved. How? Sir Robert Cholmondeley, Chief Justice of the King's Bench purchased the suppressed hermitage in 1565, and conveyed the building and lands to six

trustees, to be used as a grammar school "for ever." The chief justice died shortly after in his mansion, Cholmondeley House, at Highgate. The old house has gone the way of many an historical mansion, but is not Cholmondeley Park advertised as "an eligible site" for new villas? Does the school still exist? Yes, we heard the hum of the boys conning over their lessons a few days ago. Does any part of the old hermitage stand? Not one stone is left. Sir Robert's trustees erected, in 1576, a new chapel and free school buildings, and then the home of the old hermits probably disappeared. The Elizabethan chapel was taken down in 1833, except part of an ivy-covered wall, and even this relic has now gone. The story of the phoenix is, however, still repeated in these modern days; the old chapel has vanished, but a new one is rising on its site.

The engraving declares, plainly enough, that the old building was not intended to embody any theory of the beautiful. The master of the school was ingeniously provided with three rooms built over the chapel. To light these, the upper part of the wall was pierced for those queer round windows shown in the engraving. These circular openings, placed just over the long windows, were likened by the Highgate wits of a past age, to "dots over the letter i." But though the building was plain, a numerous congregation often assembled within the walls, and legacies were left by some for the good of survivors or the honour of the donors.

No remarkable monuments, no epitaphs of famous men, were to be seen in the old chapel; but if any person wishes to examine the various inscriptions, his desire can be gratified. A small MS. book among the Additional MSS. in the British Museum, No. 7,943, contains, in nine pages, the epitaphs of some now sleeping in the ancient burial ground. Many men noted in their day must have worshipped in the destroyed chapel, and the mansions of a few yet remain, memorials of the time when the homes of statesmen crowded Highgate Hill. Arundel House, the residence of the Earls of Arundel, the prison of Arabella Stuart, and the place of Lord Bacon's death, was taken down in 1825. In Wollaston House, lived, at times, Sir Thomas Abney, the friend of Dr. Watts. The red-brick building on the right side of the road, going up the hill, is Cromwell House, said to have been built by the Protector for his son-in-law, Ireton. Opposite, stands a low, white building retiring behind its wall, as if dreading to be questioned about the past; it is Lauderdale House, a former seat of the Earls of Lauderdale. Its very name reminds us of the "Cabal" and of renegades.

The once famous Dr. Sacheverell died at "the Grove" in 1724, fourteen years after his impeachment for preaching his two celebrated sermons against the Government. The mention of "the

Grove" reminds us of a great name. Let us therefore take one more look at the old burial ground, and note the resting-place of one *who might have been* the greatest man of his day. Samuel Taylor Coleridge lies beneath that simple and massive slab in the centre of the churchyard. Amongst those who have died at Highgate, one name only is encircled with a more brilliant light. Bacon ended his life in this village, but his connection with the place was short; only for a few days of suffering. Coleridge found a home for nearly twenty years in "the Grove," where he gave those wonderful intellectual "talks," which procured for him an almost Johnsonian fame. His tomb will soon be hidden from public view beneath the arches of the new chapel. No verbose epitaph recounts the years of his chequered life; no laboured eulogium sounds his praise: the initial letters, S. T. C., alone suggest the name of the poet and philosopher. There is nothing to inform the stranger that here sleeps the remarkable man, whose speculative intellect sought to read the secrets of our mental life; who sang the wild rhyme of the "Ancient Mariner," and perplexed critics, and puzzled friends, by his deep plunges into the metaphysical abyss. Does the silence of the tombstone suggest that his life was without results? Check the ungenerous thought. What hast *thou done*, critic of the dead? He has not lived quite in vain, whose words have made others think, and who has deepened the taste for the beautiful and true in human hearts. Coleridge grasped at the Infinite, and he lost most even of the finite. This silent tomb may teach most emphatically such a lesson; and none probably would have more eloquently enforced it than he whose earthly speculations closed on Friday, the 25th July, 1834. Short, but expressive was the obituary notice which men read in the *Times*: "On Friday, the 25th, at Highgate, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Esq., aged sixty-two." Saturday, the 2nd of August, was the last date connected with Coleridge. Then the body of the poet, scholar, and metaphysician was borne from Mr. Gillman's house in the neighbouring Grove, to the old hermitage burial ground. His name is undoubtedly the greatest in the list of the Highgate dead. Many who know nothing of the ancient hermitage, who care little for the Cholmondeley school, and despise the traditions of the Gatehouse, will not readily forget the burial place of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The new chapel may exceed the old in beauty, but its chief interest will ever consist in containing the body of the learned Blue Coat Boy, the youthful associate of Charles Lamb, and the "myriad minded" thinker. Though no epitaph records the events of his life, still the main facts will pass before our minds as we stand beside his tomb. We see him studying Greek metres and mediæval metaphysics at Jesus College, Cambridge: we

mark him as he leaves the university in his second year of residence; we trace him as he paces the streets of London, borne down with melancholy; and then behold the irritated man enlisting under the name of Comberback, in the 15th Dragoons. But a recruit deeply versed in Greek was not likely to remain hidden, and Coleridge was soon freed from his regimentals. He now turned to literature, set up a periodical called the *Watchman*, and actually travelled about to procure subscribers. The *Watchman* had very good eyes, but people complained that the said eyes were more intent upon Cloudland than upon the state of the markets and the chit-chat of the city. So the *Watchman* gave up his watching. Its editor relieved his disappointment by a marriage with Miss Sarah Fricker, of Bristol, and his friend Southey diversified the proceedings by wedding the sister on the same day. Coleridge was then in his twenty-third year, and as youth, love, and a wife required food, lodging, and various etceteras, known to all wise people, he gave himself to literary work for life. His peculiar style drew down a tempest of ridicule, but he was not to be "snuffed out by an article," and answered the sneers of the critics by sneers Coleridgian.

About the year 1810 Coleridge took up his residence in London, and became more metaphysical, more German, and more famous. In 1819 Highgate became the home of the poet, whose *conversazioni* made the quiet house in the Grove a "temple of fame." At times the world heard his voice, but the words of the teacher went far above the heads of the multitude. The admirers were select but few, and the scornors were many. The units cried, "Hail, Rabbi!" but the hundreds charged him with publishing "nonsense." Such was the complimentary epithet applied to his "Lay Sermons." "The Biographia Literaria," the work on "the Constitution of Church and State," and "the Aids to Reflection" met with an equally rough reception. But some could see the brightness of great thoughts shining through a metaphysical style. Such became the disciples of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, revered him as a teacher while living, and garlanded his name with the philosophic wreath when dead. These approach the Highgate burial ground as a Greek of old might have drawn near to the tomb of Plato, or the grave of Socrates. The new chapel now rising, near the site of the ancient hermitage, will have little to remind us of mediæval pilgrims, and will suggest few of those associations which bind the England of the nineteenth century to that of old times. The liberality of Judge Cholmondeley, will, doubtless, be duly celebrated within its walls; but the tomb of the poet, the metaphysician, and the transcendental reasoner will surely give the crypt of Highgate Chapel a place in the long roll of historic cemeteries. W. D.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY THE REV. GEORGE ALEXANDER CHADWICK.

IN all our Lord's history there is no other such event as his transfiguration. Many wonders were wrought by him upon others, some few upon him for the sake of the bystanders; but of this marvel he was the subject, and it was plainly intended for his own encouragement in the first instance, whatever advantages resulted to the bewildered spectators, who saw not all that was transpiring, nor heard all that was spoken. To them it brought evidence transcending that of other miracles, and lessons which they scarcely deduced till after the Comforter was come. To Him it gave refreshment and solace, communion for a moment with spirits purged from the frailties of mortality, and the only opportunity ever offered him of speaking of his decease that he should accomplish, to human beings like himself who were yet able to enter into the subject in all its tremendous bearings.

It also brought spiritual exaltation and ineffable rapture and dignity, witnessed by the preternatural brightness that Moses had known in his degree when he descended from Sinai, and that Stephen was to experience on the day he died, bearing witness for the Prince of Life. The details of such an event must be full of solid instruction.

1. It was the only glimpse of anything like ecstasy to be found in the life of Jesus. There are Christians whose ideal religion is a fever: give them fierce excitement, overwrought and hysterical emotion, or, apparently, they cannot trust the love which bled for them. Such people are often sincere and good, but happy they are not, for every tension must relax at last, and nights of rapture are too commonly followed by days of nervous depression and anxiety. This brief period of dignified and tranquil blessedness is far enough from running parallel with their experiences, yet elsewhere we find little recorded but temptation overcome, and work achieved, until we come to the last fearful hours. Often he prayed to the Father; often he testified of him; but his feelings are scarcely glanced at. Doubtless his trust brought joy along with it; but always in harmony with the Scriptural formula, "*peace and joy.*"

2. We notice also that this blessing came to him unsought. He went up into the mountain, not to be transfigured, but to pray (Luke ix. 28). Many a time before he had prayed long and fervently, not for emotion but for help, and the help was given. Why should we imagine that he now intended to ask, not for guidance, but for transport? But God poured upon his Beloved that gracious rain that only falls upon the paths of duty. Never let us seek it elsewhere. Never let us weary and spur

the feelings to seek that baptism, but, in faith, and prayer, and duty, wait patiently for the exceeding joy of believing, which comes to every Christian in God's measure, and at God's good time.

3. It was in no secular duty that it found him. These are needful, but not the highest, nor the most blessed. In them also may we meet God, but his richest gifts are commonly reserved for times of communion with himself, and he who finds in business an excuse for neglecting devotion, prefers meat to the life, and sets raiment above the body. Dulness and deadness of the soul are generally traceable to the shortness or coldness of our prayers.

4. The companions of his bliss, the two souls called back to earth from the general assembly and church of the firstborn, the chosen out of hosts of witnesses, and armies of confessors, who were they?

Not Enoch, whose walk with God was too close for death to break in upon; nor Noah, the just man and perfect in his generation—for we err in supposing that freedom from evil is the highest advance in goodness. Abraham, the father of the faithful, came not—for something better was demanded than passive and contemplative piety, however exalted in its type; nor Isaiah, whose eyes had seen the King, the Lord of hosts, and whose impassioned utterances seemed to anticipate the Gospel age—for visions of truth, however clear, and utterance however lofty, are not the chief attainments of the life divine.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Master; and the men who now visit him from heaven are they who had most greatly ventured, struggled, and achieved.

The idolatrous court of Pharaoh quailed before one; the other shut up heaven's rain from an apostate race. The former led out the chosen seed from its house of bondage; the latter compelled it to confess that the Lord he is God. One saw a hostile army swallowed in the deep; the other caused a school of false prophets to feel the avenging steel. Each had supernatural help; neither shrank from staking everything upon the direct interference of the Most High. Deeds, not words, were the witnesses of their devotion; and to this day the ultimate appeal must ever be to deeds wrought; "*Well done*" is the language of the Judge, and to multiply the Master's talents—to find him in sickness, in prison, in nakedness—to be a faithful and wise servant—to repent, and do the first works, are the incessant exhortations of the Word. "Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect?"

5. Yet here they spoke not a word of their exploits, nor of the decay that had blighted the

national promise, but only "of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." And so it will always be. The best labourers are they who forget themselves, and think only of the cross; they measure not their service, but feel that they never can serve enough; when they have done all, they say, "We are unprofitable."

Paul was debtor to Jew and Greek; he was ready to spend and to be spent; he counted not his life dear unto him; none was offended but he burned with zeal and holy indignation, for the love of Christ constrained him. He was trained at the feet of the most learned Rabbi; he quoted with equal readiness Habakkuk and Euripides, and even what was called his madness was set down to much learning; yet, in a polished and intellectual community he resolved to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified. The swift racer looks not upon his own feet, but gazes earnestly upon the goal; and the efficient Christian workman thinks very little of his work, but much of apprehending Him for whom also he is apprehended. Reliance upon the atonement is the worst excuse for indolence, because it is itself the best stimulus to exertion.

6. The apostles, wakening from their stupor, and supernaturally informed who the strangers were, seem to have exulted in the evidence thus afforded of the reality of the mission of Jesus. He, then, was on a level with Moses, with Elijah! Let tabernacles be erected, and equal honours rendered

immediately to the three. Such was the prompt proposal of Peter, always the spokesman of the rest. But not long was that mean conception undisturbed; nor from the meek lips of their Master came the swift rebuke. "While Peter yet spake" the voice of God was heard proclaiming that one only was there to be considered, and utterly ignoring his companions, "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him;" and when they recovered themselves, Jesus alone was with them. So be it ever with the Christian soul. Perish sage, and lawgiver, and prophet, if their influence clash with that of Him who is perfect truth; let them vanish if they only seem to clash. When will the Church learn the lesson, so difficult and yet so simple, that no man is with us save Jesus only?

7. And lastly, there is instruction in the fact that from all this honour, and blessedness, and spiritual elevation Jesus came straight back to the world, to a faithless and perverse generation. We cannot be always in the banqueting-house, with the banner of love visibly unfurled above us. Even Paul felt the transition keenly from the third heaven to the thorn in the flesh; and many a soul is staggered by the shock of commonplace and unbelief, close upon its sweet fervour. Be it ours to receive, as our Master, happiness and crosses alike, undisturbed and uncomplaining, always remembering that not until we reach the abode of God shall we have traversed the abode of tears.

"THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE."

BY CLEMENT W. SCOTT.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE minutes after the husband and wife had left the bank, George Hainworth came back from the counting-house into his private room, accompanied by a gentleman of short stature. His friend had got grey hair and whiskers, and looked considerably older than George Hainworth.

"Well, what success, Lipscomb?" said Mr. Hainworth, hurriedly, almost before his partner—for it was he—had time to come into the room. "How have you sped? I thought you would never return, and the anxiety has been death to me."

"Are you sure we shall not be overheard or interrupted?"

"I gave strict orders that no one was to be admitted, as we had matters of the greatest importance to discuss."

"Well, prepare yourself for the worst. I have tried everywhere for the money, and met with nothing but refusals. It has been whispered about Liverpool that our affairs are in a ticklish condition. The Joint Stock people won't amalgamate with us.

I have telegraphed to London with regard to the other partnership scheme you were so full of, and that idea has also fallen to the ground. It will be for you, therefore, to decide what had better be done under the circumstances."

"I decide!" replied Mr. Hainworth, petulantly; "what on earth do you mean? You give me no alternative, and then ask me to decide."

"Then there is no other course open to us than to suspend payment, to have all our affairs dragged before the public, and ourselves most probably tried and imprisoned for fraud. I have quite made up my mind what I intend to do—you must decide for yourself. To-night, under disguise, I sail for America; it is hopeless to battle against the storm that is brewing. I have scraped together a considerable little amount of money; so with that, and the experience I have acquired, I may possibly be able to begin life again under new auspices in the new country. I advise you to do the same."

"How is it possible for me to say what I shall do in such a predicament? I will think it over and consult Mary, and perhaps in a day or two we may be prepared to follow your suggestions."

"It is not a question of days, but of hours, George, as you must know perfectly well. You, perhaps, may have pluck enough to face the miserable future: I own I have not. As I told you before, my mind is fully made up, and I am even now wasting time as I talk to you. You may guess I have much to do before I start. Good-bye, old fellow—I hope not for ever, as I am sure the best thing for you is to follow my example, and get out of the way before the bloodhounds are upon you."

So saying, Mr. Henry Lipscomb, of the eminent banking firm of "Hainworth, Lipscomb, and Hainworth," shook the senior partner by the hand, and taking up his hat, hurriedly left the room.

George Hainworth threw himself into his chair, half stupefied. Everything seemed to whirl before him, and though it was of the utmost importance for him not only to think, but to think quickly, he seemed utterly unable to collect his thoughts at all. The American plan struck him as being far the most agreeable; but he had difficulties with regard to settling upon it which his partner, Henry Lipscomb, had not. It is quite true they were partners, but their dispositions were different, and their private lives quite dissimilar. While Henry Lipscomb was scraping together "a considerable little amount of money," George Hainworth was not only spending what came to his share, and speculating with his wife's fortune, but getting into debt as well, by a comfortable and very easy process.

The next few minutes passed like long, weary hours. Suddenly George Hainworth roused himself, and rang violently with the little hand-bell that lay on the desk beside him.

"Send Mr. Smith here immediately," said he as the messenger answered the summons.

Mr. Smith was not long making his appearance. He was a soft-voiced, clerical-looking man, with a quantity of short, bristly hair, which evidently no brush could persuade to lie down in a conventional and placid manner. This peculiarity gave Mr. Smith at all times a frightened look; but now he looked more frightened than ever he had done before, and he washed away at his hands with unusual energy. He had been clerk in Hainworth's banking-house for five-and-thirty years, and had for the last eight occupied the responsible position of chief clerk and cashier.

"Mr. Smith."

"Sir."

"Where are the keys of the large safe?"

"I have got them, sir."

"Give them to me."

"Mr. Hainworth—"

"Give them to me, I say."

"But are you aware, sir, that there will be hardly sufficient for us to meet the extraordinary claims that will be made upon us in the course of the day?"

"We have done nothing but pay out, pay out, all day long; and if you—"

"Who told you I intended to touch the money? I merely want to make a calculation. Besides, I am the master here, I presume, and am not to be dictated to by my clerks. Give me the keys."

"But, sir—I beg pardon—but—"

"Give me the keys!"

"Here they are, Mr. Hainworth." Mr. Smith drew a polished bunch of keys out of his coat-tail pocket.

"I do not require you any more at present, Mr. Smith; you may go."

Mr. Smith shambled out of the room, muttering to himself. He was in a great state of excitement when he returned to his desk, and the other clerks were much surprised to see the methodical old man, who was as regular in his habits as clockwork, take his hat down from the peg and hurry out of the office.

"Old Smith sent on an errand; that's a rum start," they said.

But he did not go far. He merely went to the private door of Mr. Hainworth's house and rang violently at the bell. Meanwhile George Hainworth had shut and locked the door which communicated between his private room and the office. Having done this, he opened the door of the cupboard in the wall, near his desk, and having lighted a candle, went among the safes, tin boxes, and dusty documents.

His back was turned to the door which led from his house to his private room, and he did not notice it quietly open.

A tall lady, pale as death, slid into the room.

"It cannot be," she whispered to herself.

Five minutes elapsed, and still George Hainworth was busy with the safe. The lady crept gradually nearer and nearer the cupboard. And now the inspection is finished, the safe is locked again, the cupboard door closed again, and with a roll of bank-notes in his hand, George Hainworth finds himself face to face with his wife.

"Mary!"

"Yes, George, it is I, your wife; and providentially have come here in time to prevent your committing an infamous crime!"

"Mary, you don't know what you are saying."

"Yes, I do. I know all, and have guessed all: you are desperate and meditate flight."

"Well, why not? any moment I may be arrested."

"Arrested! what for?"

"Oh, it's a bad business, and everything will be found out. I have not time to tell you all about it now, so, Mary—"

"That may be all very true, but you do not stir from here."

"Not stir from here! what do you mean?"

"Leave me, George, leave me, if matters are as bad as you make out—leave me, if your future liberty depends on it; but let it be at your own risk, and not at the expense of hundreds of innocent people. Take away all the rest of my money; I will not hinder you in the least. I will work for you, beg for you if you like, but your depositors' money, the fruits of their toil, their wives and children's bread, you shall not take away. Oh! if you love me, put the money back."

The bundle of notes and the bright bunch of keys fell from George Hainworth's hands, and he staggered against the wall. His wife picked up the keys and the notes, re-opened the cupboard and the safe, put back the money, and led her husband into their house by the door by which she had entered the room.

The next morning the firm of Hainworth, Lipscomb, and Hainworth stopped payment, and more than one person in Liverpool was ruined.

Three years have passed away, and brought brighter days for Charles Beresford. In his wanderings about Liverpool he came across a philanthropic old gentleman, who believed he was sincere, took an interest in his sad tale, and honestly promised he would do the best he could for him. The result was, he obtained a very good clerkship in a mercantile house in London, and after his second year of service, his abilities were so conspicuous, and his industry so unflagging, that his salary was considerably raised, and he was entrusted with work of importance and responsibility. His wife, Hetty, was another being, and the life and soul of a charming little cottage on Haverstock Hill, from which Charles Beresford used to set out at a pretty early hour in the morning, and return to it at the very soonest hour possible after business time, soon enough to take his wife for a ramble to Hampstead Heath in the summer, and in the winter to have a cosy chat with her over the fire at that delightful ante-dinner time, when it is too light to draw down the blinds, and hardly dark enough to light up the gas.

Before the expiration of the three years, Charles Beresford read by the papers that Mrs. Hainworth had died suddenly in Liverpool. After the bank had stopped payment, nothing had been heard either of Mr. Lipscomb or Mr. Hainworth. One day Charles Beresford was called away from his desk at the office, and told that a gentleman wanted to see him in the waiting-room. He went, but did not recognise the features of his visitor. There was no mistaking the voice, however, which was that of George Hainworth. He had grown very old, and looked sadly broken down—in a worse condition even than Charles Beresford had been, when he came to Hainworth's office in Liverpool to beg for employment, three years ago.

"You are, perhaps, the last man in the world I should come to see," said he to Beresford; "but perhaps you are one of the only men who would pity and know the bitterness of my present condition. Do you mind putting your hat on, and coming out for a few minutes? I want to say something very particular to you."

Charles Beresford went out with him, and listened to very much the same sort of tale he had told himself in the Liverpool counting-house. The tables were thoroughly turned. George Hainworth was in great destitution and dared not make himself known to his friends.

"Would Beresford lend him money?"

Unfortunately, it was nearly the end of the quarter, and Beresford, who paid his bills weekly, had hardly enough to go on with himself.

"Would Beresford put his name to a bill?"

"My dear fellow, it has been my rule through life," he began, and then he reflected. He appeared to be shuffling out of assisting the very man he would most like to assist, in order to show he had no grudge against him.

"What is the amount of the bill, Hainworth?"

"Fifteen pounds."

Charles Beresford reflected again. Well, if the worst came to the worst, fifteen pounds would not ruin him, and George Hainworth told a pitiable tale.

The end of the matter was, that Charles Beresford, for the first time in his life, had become responsible for the payment of the money, if George Hainworth failed to take it up, in order that he might return good for evil, and save his friend from starvation. He told his wife about it directly he had got home, and she said that, under the circumstances, her husband had done perfectly right.

A year more has passed away. Steadily and prosperously Charles Beresford has been going on, and he has heard no more about George Hainworth or the bill for fifteen pounds. He concluded that at last his friend's affairs had taken a favourable turn, and that the money had been honourably paid.

When summer came round again, he followed his usual custom of going up to Lord's, to see the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match. This was one of the only times in the year he saw old faces, and met old friends. This was pleasant, although the happiness was of short duration. On the present occasion, he met an old Trinity chum, who, strange to say, had been living some years in and about London, but they had never come across one another before. He was a barrister, and had chambers in the Temple, but being a married man, he did not reside in them. Charles Beresford asked his old friend Hunt to come up and dine with him on the following Sunday. His friend accepted the invitation and came.

After dinner they began to talk of old times, and in the course of conversation Hainworth's name was mentioned.

"Ah, that reminds me," said Hunt, "I have got rather a noble story to tell you in connection with poor Hainworth. Some time ago I came across him in London. He was in a dreadful plight, with hardly a shilling to bless himself with, and certainly no roof over his head that he was certain of from day to day. He told me all about his come-down in the world. It was a sad story, and I could not bear to see an old chum and a gentleman so badly off. I was going on circuit at the time, and lent him my chambers to live in while I was away, and put him in the way of earning a pound or two here and there by writing for the papers. When I came back again, I found poor Hainworth in an awful plight. He was literally starving, and he assured me he had had nothing but a few dry biscuits to eat for three days. His health had given way, his work had in consequence fallen off, and if I had not happened to have come back at the time, I don't know what would have been the result.

"Not eaten anything for three days!" I said; "have you no money, then, at all?"

"None of my own," he answered.

"What do you mean, of your own? Is there any money in the chambers?" I asked.

"Yes, there is," he replied.

"Where is it, then? let me see."

"He pulled a little canvas bag out of his pocket, and turned out of it *fifteen sovereigns*.

"Why, how is this?" I said; "why do you save it?"

"It does not belong to me," he said; "and I would sooner starve than touch a penny of it. A bill to this amount becomes due to-morrow, and if I did not meet it, a noble fellow and a kind friend would have to pay."

"This was honourable conduct, was it not, Beresford?" said Hunt. "I know it gave me a very choky sensation when he spoke as he did. Poor Hainworth had overtaxed his strength, however, and a fortnight after this he died in my chambers. I followed him to his grave in Highgate Cemetery."

"Let us go and see the grave this afternoon," said Charles Beresford.

They went; and as they walked across the fields, Beresford told his friend all he knew about George Hainworth.

THE DEEPER DEPTH;

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.—NO. II.

EXTREMES meet. This adage is certainly illustrated in Westminster, where, not more than three minutes' walk from that magnificent building, "the poem in stone," as the Emperor of Russia termed it, in which our senators assemble, and almost under the very shadow of the venerable Abbey that Edward the Confessor dedicated in mid-winter to the honour of God, some 800 years ago, you may find poverty so squalid, ignorance so gross, vice so reckless, destitution so complete, that a more wretched spectacle cannot be witnessed in any other part of the metropolis. It might naturally be expected that in *such* a neighbourhood the condition of the poor would be considerably ameliorated; but, notwithstanding the proximity of Royalty, of noble families, and of untold wealth, such is not the case. St. Giles's cannot present more repulsive scenes to the eye of the visitor than exist within a comparatively short distance of the palace of our beloved and benevolent Queen. Westminster contains many devoted clergymen and ministers, who do their utmost to relieve the necessities of the multitudes around them, and who are ever willing to be the almoners of those who "remember the poor;" it has some

admirable institutions and charities, in full working order; and not a few wealthy residents, who are constantly ready to listen to a tale of genuine distress; but, after all these philanthropic efforts, there still remains a fearful amount of destitution, which must sooner or later be grappled with, or it may lead to deplorable consequences. In some localities the houses, from the cellars to the roof, are foul and abominable, and the wretched population one seething mass of misery and crime. There are back streets, courts, and alleys filled with children, clad in rags, who do not know the alphabet; while the scenes of vice in which they live are preparing them to vie with their depraved parents in the perpetration of the greatest enormities, and to violate every moral duty. Go amongst them, and you shall see every class of countenance—some as beautiful as angels, notwithstanding the filth that defiles and the rags that barely cover them; others, evidently old in iniquity, with lowering brows and furtive-looking eyes—"premature villain" being stamped on every feature; others, again, with their little cheeks pinched by want, who have never had a sufficient meal, and whose attenuated forms are wasted by fell disease.

It will probably be said that much of the desti-



Drawn by W. SMALL.]

[Engraved by J. D. COOPER.]

THE LANDLORD AND HIS "LODGERS."—See p. 347.

(A sketch from life.)

tution that exists is due to the slothful and improvident habits of the sufferers. There is some truth in this assertion; for, as a facetious clergyman observed the other day to the writer, "a great many determined, six months ago, to be in want at Christmas;" but we shall incur no slight responsibility if we make this a ground for closing our heart against the cry of the needy. Those best acquainted with the condition of the poor do not thus lightly dispose of the matter. The excellent incumbent of St. Mary's Church, Vincent Square, bears this testimony—"I have 6,000 persons in my district: out of these, 5,000 are poor. Nobody attends my church above the rank of a small shopkeeper, except the doctor. In the course of my visitation I often meet with families in deep distress—women and children with pinched cheeks, some of them in a state of absolute starvation." And yet Mr. Borradaile's district is far superior to some in Westminster—that surrounding St. Matthew's Church, for example, in which you have a concentration of destitution and crime that is perfectly appalling. Let us visit it, and judge for ourselves.

We will start from the top of Old Pye Street. We have not proceeded thirty yards before we come to a row of tenements, on the left hand, nearly every one of which is a low lodging-house. We select one that will serve as a fair sample of the rest, and, by the consent of the superintendent, or, as the people call him, "the deputy," we enter. At the end of a long passage there is a room known as the kitchen: its size is about twenty feet by eighteen. On one side there is a huge fireplace, containing an excellent range, and a fire of coke, so large that the temperature is almost at summer heat; rude but strong tables and forms placed along the three other sides are the only furniture. What a Babel of sounds falls upon our ears as we approach! Men are quarrelling with each other; Irish mothers are scolding their children in their own language, and in the shrillest of voices; while, with some few exceptions, everybody is talking, or rather shouting as loudly as possible. There is a momentary pause as we enter; every face is turned towards us, and the varying expressions of the different countenances are something remarkable. Fifty pair of eyes meet our own, and we have to encounter every kind of glance the human organ of vision is capable of—the drunken look, the cunning look, the repulsive look, the eager look, the leering look, the sullen look, the angry look, the hungry look, the piteous look, the despairing look. The next instant the loud tide of speech flows on as before. In front of the fire some are toasting slices of bread, or drying their damp clothes. One table is crowded with children, who imitate, as they eat, the fierce altercations of their parents. An old crone, with white hair and wrinkled, parchment

cheeks, tries to keep them in order, but is not heeded for a moment. In one corner, a young woman has fainted: her deathly-pale face seems to touch the heart of her rough companion, for he refrains from devouring his crust, and supports her on his shoulder, while another young woman procures water, and endeavours to restore her to consciousness. This last was once beautiful; but want, if not infamy, has left its traces on her countenance. As she passes us to regain her seat, the pressure of her thin hand upon her chest, and her bent form, tell its own sad tale; and no wonder, for she is wretchedly clad, and almost starved. A few are perfectly silent amidst the confusion; they are so from hunger and weakness, as they have only just pence enough to pay for their night's lodging; and unless some of their more fortunate companions take pity on them, not a morsel will pass their parched lips until the morrow, if then. Here is one of them, a young man with regular features, but, oh! so very thin. His hands are in his pockets, and he sits looking moodily at the fire. In answer to our inquiries, he tells us, in a faint voice, that he is "out of work, and can't get any." As he speaks there is no animation in his face; hope and he seem to have parted company for many a day—perhaps for ever. Formerly, the lodgings had a common sleeping as well as a common living room, in which the most fearful immorality was practiced; but this is now, happily, altered. The single men and women are separated, and the couples have a large room to themselves. In the case of the latter, a thin and not very high partition is placed between the beds; this, however, is only a poor offering at the shrine of modesty, as every sound can be heard, and the partition itself be overlooked by a person of moderate height. While we are in the kitchen, a good city missionary enters, and distributes some tracts. The greater part receive them kindly, but a few are very violent; one man in particular, a huge fellow, apparently excited by drink, gives back his, with a fearful oath, and bids the missionary "send it to Governor Eyre, in Jamaica, that he may learn not to shoot the blacks; for he wants it more than we do." As we pass through the yard on our way out, a woman, very pale and thin, tells us that she has just put her three children to bed without food—"They cried so for a piece of bread; but I had none to give them." We ask about her own state of health, as she is evidently in an advanced stage of consumption, when she says, "Yes, I am very ill. I have been to the Brompton Hospital, but they couldn't take me, they was so full; but the kind doctor gave me a letter to the workhouse, in which he said I wanted good nourishment; but all they gave me was six pounds of dry bread, which I can't eat, sir, though so hungry, for when I do I get such a load on my

chest." We put a trifle in her wasted hand, and pass on, with the thought in our heart that, in a very little while, she will appear before a much more merciful tribunal than that of the parish authorities.

A few doors farther on, we ascend a dark staircase, and enter a wretched room, the floor broken in several places, the walls covered with mildew, the ceiling in holes, through which the rafters appear. There are two bedsteads—if such rickety affairs deserve the name—no bed; but only a torn sheet or two covering the sacking; not a chair, nor table, nor kettle, nor saucepan, nor knife, nor fork. Two cans serve for cooking purposes; and there are three plates, one of which is broken. This is what, in the vocabulary of the lodging-houses, is called "a furnished room," and the rent is six shillings per week. But who are the occupants? The question is more quickly asked than answered. It is only a few weeks since a jury ascended the stairs, headed, of course, by a pompous beadle, to view, on one of those very bedsteads, the wasted body of an aged woman, who, in this land of plenty, had died of starvation. That was the grandmother of those four children now crouching before the spark of fire in the grate. They are ghost-like little creatures; their rags scarcely cover them, and their sharp, pinched features reveal the extreme privation to which they are subjected. The mother, a woman of some thirty-seven years of age, half hides herself as she answers our questions. The substance of her replies may thus be given:—She was once in a much better position. Her husband was a gentleman of property, and she received in her youth a good education. Through an unfortunate lawsuit and other causes they lost their money; and a few years back her husband died broken-hearted. Since that sad event she has been in the most abject poverty; all that she has to depend upon is the little that can be earned by her eldest daughter. As for herself, she hates the wretched room; and yet, with the exception of her mother's funeral, she has not crossed its threshold for two years. She cannot send the children to school, for their clothes are all in pledge. She keeps her little boy's hair long (you can hardly distinguish him from his sisters) because, when they were better off, she used to curl it in long ringlets that came down to his shoulders. They manage without knife or fork, as best they can, by using two small plated forks, given to the children in their happier days. She has lost all hope, and would rather, much rather, die than live. We turn away with a deep sigh, and knock at another door. Here we find five children waiting for the return of their mother, a widow, who sweeps a crossing, and who may or may not bring back a

few pence to buy them food. When their father died, a little while back, his body lay in that close room, without a coffin, for a week, and they had to cook, and eat, and drink, and sleep beside it. Next we discover an aged woman bending over a small fire, who tells us that her husband—or, to use her own words, her "old man"—broke his leg on Christmas Day by falling down-stairs, and is in the hospital. But she adds, with a chuckle, "The doctor says he's to have the werry best diet." This evidently consoles her. There are not a few in this destitute neighbourhood who envy the inmates of our hospitals and the convicts in our prisons—at least, they have something to eat, and that is not always the case with themselves. We come now to a fever case. On the bed a little boy is lying very ill, on two chairs his mother is moaning, while the grandmother, also stricken, is stretched on a few rags in a corner. They are totally unable to help each other, or to pay for help from without. Were it not for an old Irishwoman, almost as destitute as themselves, they would be utterly neglected; but she steals up-stairs, as often as possible, to do a little for them. So kind are the poor to the poor! Both the women are so deaf that they cannot hear our voices; but they are not deaf to the voice of affection; for see, they are willing to lie on the floor, that the boy may have the bed to himself. The parish doctor won't tell them what fever it is, but if you were to ask him, he would shake his head ominously, and reply, TYPHUS!

On entering a narrow court, we turn sharp round to the left, and stumble into a small room, of about ten feet square, which presents an appearance of the deepest wretchedness. In one corner two or three boards resting on old market baskets, and covered with a piece of sacking, serve as a bed, without sheet, or blanket, or coverlet of any kind. Crouching near the fire, in just such a position as a wild beast might assume, is an old man, nearly half naked, with matted hair and neglected beard. On the other side of the fireplace are two persons, as old and nearly as miserable as himself, who keep up a droning kind of talk together. The old man used to have the room to himself and his son, who, although greatly afflicted, sells crosses in the streets: but recently he has let off "*a corner of it*" to these poor people, whom he calls "*his lodgers*." A little table, very weak in the legs, and a bundle of bedclothes belonging to the lodgers in another corner, complete the furniture of the miserable and unsavoury den, in which they drag out their weary existence in summer's heat and winter's cold; not simply without any of the comforts, but, for the greater part of the time, without the necessities of human life.

(To be continued.)

H. B. I.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

STRICT HONESTY.



HERE are you off to, Frank? with that beautiful basket of apples?" said little Charlie Marsdon to one of his schoolfellows; "and how is it you were not at school this morning?"

"Papa has kindly given me a holiday," was the reply. "I have been out with him all the morning, and now I am going to Farmer Bates with these apples."

"They are beauties!" said Charlie; "you might just give me one. Farmer Bates can never miss one out of so many; why, I should think there are quite a hundred, or more."

"They are not mine to give," replied Frank. "I would not take one myself for the world."

"Why," said Charlie, laughing, "one would think your papa counted them before he would trust you with them."

Frank did not speak for some minutes; but at length he said, "I suppose, Charlie, because you think papa or Farmer Bates could not find out, that it is not stealing. I tell you, if I were to take one of these apples and give it you I should be a thief."

"A thief!" cried Charlie, laughing.

"Yes, a thief," replied Frank. "No doubt you would scorn the idea of being called a thief, but taking one apple is as much a theft in the sight of God, as taking something more valuable. You say, no one would miss it. You are wrong; do you forget that God sees everything we do?"

"I never thought of it in that light before," said Charlie. "I suppose you are right, but I have no one to speak to me about such things. I wish I had a good kind papa, as you have," and the orphan's eyes filled with tears as he thought of his dear parents, both of whom had been carried off suddenly with fever, about two years before this.

"Don't cry, Charlie," said Frank, putting his arm affectionately round the boy. "You are not left quite alone. You have your dear sister Mary, and from this day we will be friends, Charlie. My father once told us about a boy in his school some years ago; he was a nice boy enough when he first went, but he got into bad company, who taught him low, deceitful ways. The first thing he ever stole was a bunch of flowers from papa's garden, and from that he went on from bad to worse, until he became known as a regular thief, and is at this present time in prison for stealing a gold watch. His poor widowed mother died only last week of grief, for she was a trustworthy, respectable old woman, and the pain and grief he from time to time inflicted on her, shortened her days considerably."

"Oh, how dreadful!" said Charlie, shuddering.

"It is indeed very sad," replied Frank, thoughtfully. "And take my advice, Charlie; never, for the gratification of a moment, do that for which you may have to repent all your life."

EMMA N.

THE FISHER BOY.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

LET us go upon the beach,
When the sun brings up the day;
Where the tide will never reach,
We may always safely stay.

We can watch the fishing-boats
Launch upon the restless sea;
Buoyantly each vessel floats,
Like a heart from sorrow free.

How the sea-birds flap the wave,
With their strong, untiring wings!
In the foam their breasts they lave,
With their glee the blithe air rings.

There's a boat about to start;
It is rocking to and fro:
Sails are tight, the breeze is smart,
And impatient 'tis to go.

See the mother and her son
Standing by it on the shore;
One short minute—only one!
For they might meet never more.

Never more! nay, they shall meet
Where grim death can never come,
Where the storm no more shall beat,
In the happy haven-home.

"Come you loiterer, Jack ahoy!
Do you call that being brave?"
In a trice the Fisher Boy
Rides the foaming, bounding wave.

19.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 331.

"God is a consuming fire."—Heb. xii. 29.

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|-----------------------|------------------|
| 1. G aiui | 3 John 1. |
| 2. O ded | 2 Chron. xv. 8. |
| 3. D agon | 1 Sam. v. 3. |
| 4. I shmael | Jer. xli. 2. |
| 5. S ceva's | Acts xix. 14. |
| 6. A bihaal | Esth. ii. 15. |
| 7. C rispui | Acts xviii. 3. |
| 8. O nesiphorus | 2 Tim. i. 16. |
| 9. N athan | 2 Sam. xii. 7. |
| 10. S harezer | 2 Kings xix. 37. |
| 11. U rijah | 2 Kings xvi. 11. |
| 12. M ordecia | Esth. x. 3. |
| 13. I saac | Gen. xxvi. 7. |
| 14. N ineveh | Nahum i. 1. |
| 15. G edaliah | Jer. xli. 2. |
| 16. F elix | Acts xxiv. 26. |
| 17. I chabed's | 1 Sam. iv. 21. |
| 18. R izpah | 2 Sam. xxi. 10. |
| 19. E lijah | 1 Kings xvii. 1. |

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

YOUTH AND PLEASURE.

"The day was up, the air serene,
The firmament without a cloud,
The bees hummed o'er the level green,
Where knots of blooming wild flowers bowed."

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.



LLAN AUSTWICKE entered the room, in which his sister and Miss Hope were studying, just as the latter proposed their making a holiday.

"Quite right, Miss Hope—that's what I was going to propose. I wish to call on Mr. Hope and to have a ramble over the grounds; and, in short, if True is going to be glum over books—a sort of undeveloped Aunt Honor—I shall get hipped out of all endurance. *She'll* take to preaching next, and really one in the family with a gift that way is quite enough."

From which, and a sort of flush on his cheek that was more heat than health, the girls inferred that Miss Austwicke's reception of her nephew had not gratified that young man.

"There's a Scotch paper for you, that Marian brought about the railway, Allan."

"Thanks, Miss Hope; that, however, will keep, and the morning flies. Come, give me the pleasure of your company for a stroll."

The plea was irresistible, assisted as it was by the pleasant breeze, and playful sunbeams that came into the room to woo them out from the poetry of books to that of Nature.

In a few minutes they were equipped for walking, and rejoined Allan, who had paced up and down, restless and annoyed by his aunt's strange words. He could not shake off the impression her manner created, and when his sister and her friend joined him for their walk he involuntarily said—

"Whoever thought Aunt Honor was such an admirer of my father's profession? She said to me just now, as if everything here was going to wreck, shaking her head lugubriously, 'But, Allan, the law lasts.'"

"And what did you say?" inquired Gertrude.

"I said—'the law lasts,' and so it does."

He struck the ground gaily with his foot as he spoke, and looked round the lawn they were crossing, and over the meadows towards the river, as if slumbered in the sunshine, with a look of youthful animation almost defiant in its gladness.

"Yes, the law lasts, but the possessors are swept away like autumn leaves," said True, with something like a sigh.

"Well, well, if they've had spring and summer, and a longish spell after which brings them to autumn, they've had a pretty good innings."

Just then they saw two persons approaching, and recognised Mr. Nugent, and his young friend, Rupert Griesbach. Allan stepped forward to meet them, exclaiming—

"If people—sisters, especially—ever wrote anything worth reading in their letters now-a-days, I should have known you were here, Rupert, my boy."

"An unexpected pleasure is the best of pleasures," replied the young man, as he returned his friend's greetings.

"We were on our way to call on you," said Mr. Nugent. There's been so much rain lately, that there was no resisting the temptation this morning. We're going for a walk, to meet Harriet and Miss Grant at Warrasash, from whence there is such a fine view."

"With all my heart; it's a favourite spot of mine, if the ladies like it," said Allan; "but we were intending to call on Mr. Hope."

"We can take Ferny Gap on our way," said Gertrude.

"Or you can defer calling till our return," added Marian.

"The morning is Mr. Hope's best time, I know," said the curate, considerably.

So it was agreed, and they walked forward chatting, Mr. Nugent falling behind with Marian, while Gertrude kept by Allan's side, who was soon in animated conversation with his friend, whom he laughingly called Prince Rupert, or the Fiery Rupert, names that were singularly unsuitable; for Mr. Rupert Griesbach was a pale, thoughtful young man of two or three and twenty; rather above the middle height, with a singularly clear, calm voice, and quiet manners; not handsome, but with a look of mingled benevolence and authority, that stamped him with the unmistakable impress of gentleman.

The conversation of the young men went insensibly into topics that are not usually interesting to ladies—about the crops, and the quality of the land; some scientific improvements that agricultural chemistry would produce, Gertrude listening with an intelligent appreciation, and an occasional remark that adds to the charm of conversation.

They were at Mr. Hope's gate speedily. He heard before he could see their approach, as he sat under his flower-wreathed porch enjoying the sunshine. Scarcely less pale and thin than when the reader met him last, his face was now so tranquil that its look soothed the beholder, and his hair, grown silver-white, fell in silky abundance on his shoulders. He rose by the help of his stick, and asked his young visitors in; but as all they wanted was to pay their respects to him, they declined, and after a few minutes' chat, they bade him good morning, and were hastening away, when Mr. Hope said—

"What did you think of those strange discoveries at Glower O'er, Mr. Allan? I should think they'll send the trinkets, or whatever they are, to the squire."

"I haven't read about it yet—I beg your pardon—when you were so good as to send the paper; but I'll look at it to night. Trinkets, did you say?"

"Yes; a child's ornaments—or something of that kind."

No more was said, and the party wended their way to Warsash. How happy they all were! As for Marian and Mr. Nugent, it needed no great penetration to see how agreeable they were to each other. The poor curate and the poor governess—the former with an old aunt and orphan sister, the latter with a father to maintain—had yet dared to love. They had both that faith and trust they could wait patiently for better days, assured that a noble love is like a noble oak—its roots strike deeper with time. Of course, it was not wise for them to be demonstrative, as those were whose engagement might be brought sooner to a happy issue. They shielded their regard from all intrusive notice under the calm demeanour of respectful friendship; but none the less warm was the sacred fire in their hearts because it did not flame up in the outward air.

Gertrude was innocently unconscious of the reason why of late she had read the biographies of several scientific men with such great interest; why German literature was so increasingly absorbing, or that anything but admiration for Rupert Griesbach's scholarship, and gratitude for his help, made her reserve passages that puzzled her, for his solution. If Marian had been one of those young ladies who rallied their female friends on incipient predilections, she might have indulged in a little jesting at Gertrude's expense when that young lady recently was expressing her compassion for Rupert's having never known a mother's care, as she had learned from what Ella Griesbach had told her of the family history. But Marian never jested on the subject of the affections, and, indeed, sought by study to absorb Gertrude's mind in those pursuits in which it was her office to assist her; so that without a thought beyond the present, as far as Rupert Griesbach was concerned, Gertrude had yielded unreservedly to the pleasure which she occasionally enjoyed at the parsonage in his society. To him—a shy, absorbed student, Gertrude's beaming, spiritual face had come like an embodiment of his ideal of beauty. Her sylph-like grace and childlike frankness, combined with her taste for poetry and her many acquirements, rendered her a paragon of perfection in his eyes—the one guiding star, as he told himself, of his destiny. But what was he that she should ever be won to love him in return? Would her father ever consent to give her to him, when she might surely look above him in worldly station? Would his own father, for years to come, approve of his wooing any bride but science? These were questions that troubled the course of his love; and while they did not prevent its stream flowing in an ever-deepening channel, checked its rising as yet to sight above the banks that bounded it. Meanwhile youth and hope had made the days at both Hall and parsonage delightful for the last six weeks to all. And here they were now on the breezy knoll, a happy company, whose joy was by no means diminished by finding Harriet and Mysie there, who, in good truth, had both been amusing themselves by running races down the knoll, when their childish amusement was put an end to by the arrival of spectators. Gertrude, who had a prescience of their sport, was not a little amused to see how Mysie, who was just on the scamper, suddenly brought herself up, and,

swinging round, regained her equilibrium by dropping a low curtsy to Allan. It seemed so oddly ceremonious that the laugh was general. And certainly neither Mysie's grace nor beauty suffered in Allan's estimation by her elaborate stateliness of welcome—for what with the recent exercise and the little confusion, the brilliancy of her look last night, which Allan had thought could not be surpassed, was exceeded by the flush of this morning, which not only added to the rich bloom of her cheek, but deepened the glowing light that kindled in her rich brown eyes. They all stood in a group looking at the scene before them.

"It is certainly fine," said Mr. Nugent, calmly critical.

"Fine! I never saw anything more beautiful in my life!" cried Allan, with enthusiasm, but not looking at the distance.

"This brother of mine always talks in superlatives," cried Gertrude, apologetically.

"Do I? I spoke as I felt," said Allan. Perhaps it was not the prospect that had caused his exuberant exclamation.

How they rambled about, tried to talk of history, and how Norman William had depopulated places in the district; tried to talk of science, and the geological strata, and really succeeded only in talking merry nonsense—need not be said. They all enjoyed themselves rarely, and, returning from their walk, parted at the lodge gates, with the promise of all meeting at tea at the parsonage, perhaps next evening.

Marian, who wished to return home early, had left them on the road.

Gertrude and Allan, as they strolled in pleasant, youthful fatigue—how different from other kinds of weariness!—up to the Hall, were both silent, and enjoyed their reverie; for each had pleasant matter for reflection. They were startled by the voice of Miss Austwicke, who was on the lawn, with an open letter in her hand, and came up to them gloomily, with the words—

"Your father, Allan, sends me word that he comes down to-morrow evening, and will stay till Monday."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Gertrude.

"He has some trouble; some unpleasant news from Scotland. He would have come down at once, but he waits for your mamma to join him."

"What, from Scarborough?" said Allan.

"Yes; she will travel thence to London to-day."

"Dear me! mamma will not like that, I fear," said Gertrude, the smile vanishing from her face, and an indefinable sense of impending evil settling on her mind, and even Allan laughed rather blankly, as he said—

"Well, the more the merrier, dear True."

But, cheerily as he spoke, they two went into the house in very different spirits from their setting out that morning; and, if they had known all, with good reason.

CHAPTER XLV.

EXHUMED.

"Some peasant then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHETHER it was that Miss Austwicke's presence at the dinner-table was not exhilarating, or Allan and Gertrude

had expended too much animation in their morning's walk, certainly they were neither of them very cheerful over the meal. In truth, the conversation was not interesting, for Miss Austwicke only spoke to utter a complaint.

"I understand, Gertrude, you have given Ruth a holiday to-morrow."

"Yes, aunt; is there any harm in that? You can, of course, countermand it if you choose."

"And put myself in the unpleasant character of a sort of domestic tyrant?—preventing relaxations that would otherwise be allowed. I think, since Martin has been so taken up with other duties that I have had to put up with inefficient people, if I choose to employ Ruth I might be consulted about her."

"Dear aunt, if I had thought that you cared to be troubled about such a matter I would have told you. I'll speak to Ruth."

"No, no; I tell you, I will not have that done. I can surely speak to you, True, as to the future."

Allan interrupted the conversation by saying—

"Of all co-partnerships, defend me from sharing a servant with any one. If the services are good, neither employer gets enough; and if bad, both are bored."

"Ruth nursed me very well, and that made Aunt Honor take notice of and employ her."

"I don't know, True, about taking notice of her," said Miss Austwicke, quickly. "I was in want of some one, I suppose."

"Doubtless, aunt," replied Gertrude, feeling inwardly that everything she said seemed to be wrong, and annoyed on Allan's account that the peevishness of one should make them all uncomfortable. She was therefore glad when her aunt rose from the table, and they left Allan to sit over the dessert and amuse himself with a newspaper. Gertrude would not have been sorry if her aunt, in her present temper, had betaken herself to her own domain; but as she intimated her intention of taking her coffee in the drawing-room with Gertrude, the young lady was fain to accompany her there. She was surprised at Miss Austwicke returning again to the subject the moment they were alone.

"Remember, Gertrude, I will not have you say a word to Ruth about what we have been speaking of."

"I'm not in the habit of talking to servants about our conversation, aunt," was the comment, in a surprised tone, of Gertrude. And then came the hasty, nervous rejoinder—

"No, no, of course not; excuse me, True."

There was a fluttering sigh, so painful to hear, as Miss Austwicke spoke, that Gertrude was tempted to throw her arms round her aunt in a pitying embrace, and ask if she were not ill; but she was checked by seeing her draw herself stiffly erect, call up a stern look to her rigid face, walk stiffly across the room, take a seat at the window farthest from where her niece was, and look intently out on the grounds. Gertrude turned to the piano, as to an ever-sympathising friend, and began to play softly some simple melodies in a minor key; and as the twilight gathered, and her skilful fingers extemporised upon the keys, she lost herself in intricacies of thought as completely as did the thin, pale, grey woman,

who sat immovable at the window, staring out on the lawn, and seeing nothing but the troubled visions that haunted her weary brain.

Both started suddenly to their feet in vague terror, as Allan, hastening into the room with the Scotch newspaper in his hand, said—

"Only think, True, such a strange thing has happened! The workmen at Glower O'er—but I must read it to you. Do ring for lights. How dark that trellis makes this room!"

"You noisy fellow! I declare you have quite frightened me," said Gertrude, ringing the bell as she spoke.

But her aunt, in a concentrated tone that sounded sepulchral in its enforced calmness, said—

"Speak, then, Allan, if you've read it; say at once what it is—this strange thing."

"Why, the excavators for the line were going through that district where that old kinsman of mamma's, Angus Dunoon, once sunk his shaft, when he took it into his head that there were mineral treasures there; and, lo and behold, there's some trinkets found there, that have been, on examination by some local authority, sent to my father, forthwith."

"What, family jewels, hid in the old troubled times?" said Gertrude.

"No, no, True; there have been no troubles in loyal Scotland since 1745, and this Angus Dunoon flourished until a year or more after our mother was born. I suppose he would have been forgotten long ago, but that his vagaries brought our grandfather to grief. A man may lose his money by being too clever, as well as by being too foolish."

"Yes, yes, every excess is bad," said Gertrude, impatiently; "but these trinkets, Allan, what are they, if not family jewels?"

"They are not family jewels; strangely enough, they are a child's ornaments, a necklace and coral, and there was with them—"

Candles were just then brought in, and the young man paused a moment, and ran his eye over the paragraph in the paper, till the servant left the room, and then resumed, seriously—

"There was with them a rather awful accompaniment."

"Awful, Allan! What?" said niece and aunt simultaneously.

"Why, a kind of old oak chest, or 'mistletoe bough' affair—"

"A skeleton? never! You're romancing, Allan," said Gertrude, turning pale as she tried to put off the idea.

"Yes! bones of a child—and a grown person."

Miss Austwicke heaved a long sigh as of relief, and said, having recovered her usual tone of voice—

"Well, and how can that concern Basil—your father, Allan?"

"Why, the trinkets have the Austwicke crest and name on them."

He read the short paragraph in the paper which furnished the incidents he had related—

"SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF HUMAN REMAINS.—The workmen engaged in excavating for the new line of railway past Glower O'er, on Friday last, laid open an old shaft, sunk many years ago by the late Angus Dunoon, Esq., and came upon some bones, which on in-

